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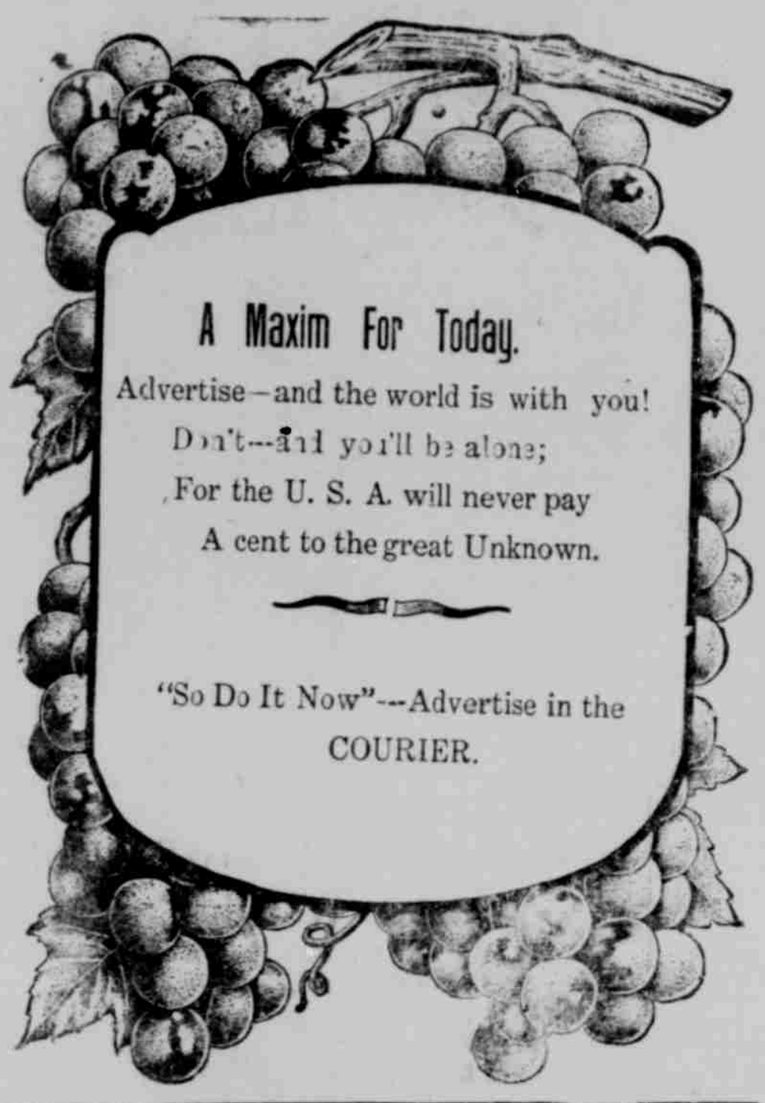

Do You Patronize Home Industries or Mail Order Houses?

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STRETCH YOURSELF.

Do It the First Thing After You Wake In the Morning.

A splendid thing for the body is stretching. When you first wake up in the morning, take a good, long stretch. Stretch the hands as far out sideways as possible. Then stretch them over the head as far as you can reach, and at the same time stretch the feet downward as far as you can. Raise the feet and stretch upward just as high as you can, and then lower the feet and legs very slowly.

When you get out of bed, raise your arms over your head, and, standing on tiptoe, see how near you can reach the ceiling. Then walk about the room while in this position. Stand on the right foot and stretch the right arm forward and upward as high as you can, while at the same time the left foot is raised from the floor and stretched outward, and the left hand is stretched backward and downward. This is a fine exercise for the whole body and is especially good for the waist and hips, making them firm and strong. Standing on the left foot this exercise can be reversed.

If you have been sitting in the same position for a long time reading, studying, writing or sewing and the muscles have become tired and cramped, the best thing to do is to get up and stretch. Stretch the arms upward and outward and forward and backward. Lift the shoulders as high as you can and drop them. Expand the chest and breathe deeply, or, sitting in the chair, stretch the hands upward, lift the feet from the floor and stretch them forward as far as possible, any way so you give the muscles a good, vigorous stretch.

When one is very tired, there is nothing more restful than stretching the muscles and then relaxing. —Exchange.

Illuminating Gas.

In the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for 1739 is printed a letter, written in 1691, in which the Rev. John Clayton details a series of experiments he made in distilling coal in a retort, showing not only that he had observed the inflammable gases evolved, but that he had collected and stored them for some time in bladders. In 1787 Lord Dundonald made gas from coal, with which he lighted the hall of Culross abbey. In 1792 Robert Murdoch began the experiments which resulted in the establishment of coal gas as an illuminating agent. In 1797 he publicly showed the system he had matured, and in 1798, being employed in the factory of Boulton & Watt Birmingham, he fitted up an apparatus for the manufacture of gas in that establishment, with which it was lighted. This was the first use of illuminating gas except in way of experiment.

Ro- Resting Place.

For years Rossini's body rested in Pere Lachaise, and then citizens of Florence asked that it might be transferred to the Church of the Holy Cross in that city, where the bodies of Galilei, Michelangelo Machiavelli, Alfieri and other great Italians are entombed. Consent was received from the municipality but the master's widow, Donna Olympia, would consent to the translation only on condition that when her time came her body might be placed next to that of her husband. This request was bluntly denied, for the reason that only Italians "who had achieved greatness" could rest there. In 1878 the widow died and before her death consented in writing to the removal of her husband's body to Florence, provided her body be placed in the grave from which his would be taken in Pere Lachaise, and after a long time for consideration this was done.

The Color of Flames.

Many people have noticed with much interest the many tinted bars and bands that rise in the shape of "forked tongues of flame" from wood burning in a fire. These varied hues are the result of combustion from the different elements of the fuel. The light blue is from the hydrogen and the white from the carbon. The violet is from the manganese, the red from the magnesia and the yellow from the soda, which are constituent parts of the wood.

A CROOKED BOUNDARY.

Cause of the Peculiar Lines That Divide Two States.

If you will look on the map of New England you will see two curious irregularities in the dividing line between Massachusetts and Connecticut. One of them is in Granby township, a little northwest of Hartford, and the other in Enfield township, on the Connecticut river, south of Springfield. It is a standing conundrum why, so long as the boundary is imaginary they did not make it straight instead of crooked. But therein hangs a tale.

Those two little jogs on the map are monuments to human obstinacy and to the persistency which is one of the chief traits of the Yankee character. The ancestors of the farmers who own those little spots of ground preferred to live in Massachusetts rather than in Connecticut and fought for their preference until they had their way.

The controversy began in 1713 and continued for 112 years before it was finally decided. In 1724 the question was appealed to England, but the government was so much engrossed in the Seven Years' war that it was never brought to the attention of the crown. Up to the outbreak of the Revolution both states continued to levy taxes and send notices of fast days and elections to the farmers who occupied the land, and there is no record of how they avoided one or whether they paid both. Later, however, they voted and paid taxes in Massachusetts only, notwithstanding the protest of the county authorities in Connecticut. In 1793, after peace was restored, both states appointed commissioners, but the dispute was carried on until 1804, when a compromise was reached. There were several similar disputes between the two states besides those which now appear upon the map, and an agreement was reached by which Massachusetts consented to surrender her claim to a strip of territory in Woodstock and Suffield townships, provided Connecticut would yield her claims to the other tracts in dispute. No action, however, was taken upon the report.

In 1810 the controversy was revived by some legal proceeding, and another commission was appointed, but if it ever reached a conclusion there is no record to be found. In 1820 a third commission was intrusted with the settlement, and after two years they decided upon the present boundary line, which was adopted by the legislature of both states.—Exchange.

Two of a Kind.

First Summer Girl—Who is that clean shaven, handsome boy?

Second Summer Girl—Oh, he's an actor!

First Summer Girl—No. I mean the other one.

Second Summer Girl—Oh, he hasn't any money either!—Punch.

Absentminded.

The Professor—Yes, hello, is this Jones' lamp store? No, I can't tell you the size of the shade, but here's the lamp.—Harper's Weekly.

THE ATTIC INSTINCT.

Why Some Persons Cling to Things That Are Rubbish.

The attic instinct hangs on surprisingly, and an observing eye can tell how many years a person has lived in the city by merely glancing under her bed. If there are three hat boxes one will contain letters, one scraps of ribbons and laces—if it's a man it's newspaper clippings—and one anything from a broken lock to old road maps. If, besides these, there are bundles of magazines and piles of newspapers, not to mention a bicycle seat and a green umbrella that one might use in private theatricals—if all these things have been placed under the bed against the protests of the family, if they are patiently moved every cleaning day and clung to through a moving, then their owners have the attic instinct to such an extent that there is not the slightest hope of their ever being cured. They will think from an attic point of view for the rest of their lives, and their family might as well become resigned.

When people are willing to make themselves disagreeable over a bit of string and absolutely objectionable on the subject of stray pieces of brown paper they should not be accused of having bad dispositions, nor should they be suspected of doing it to annoy one. They are merely suffering from the attic instinct and cannot help themselves.

Their characters were formed and have now hardened for a scheme of life where certain things were always kept in the cellar, others in the wood shed, others in the pantry and the cupboard on the first floor, still others in the closets on the next floor, and everything and anything that overflowed from any of these places was just taken up to the attic. And now these poor dear souls live with a cellar, three stories and an attic still lodged in their minds, and, though they will in time disappear, like all unnecessary members—seventh toe, tails, an appendix—in the meantime they are having trouble with them, they are suffering and fighting for them, and it takes a serious operation to remove so much as one scrap book if the owner thinks he may like to read it over in his old age.—Harper's Weekly.

As to Courage.

Trainer's Wife (to her husband)—Coward! Come out of there and meet me face to face, if you have a drop of blood in your veins.

Proved Her a Flirt.

Senator Penrose at the dedication of Pennsylvania's splendid capitol at Harrisburg said of a certain speech that had been made at a private dinner before the dedicatory ceremonies:

"That speech was pregnant with meaning. It revealed in every sentence its author's character. Brief and full and illuminating, it reminded me of the beautiful young lady who murmured to herself one afternoon as she paused uncertainly on a street corner:

"'What a bore! For the life of me I can't remember whether I'm to meet Morris in Tasker street or Tasker in Morris street.'"

In a Way.

"The baby ees learning so French, yes, madame."

"He's learned the gestures anyway."—Harper's Weekly.

THE VOICE IN THE DARK.

A Memory of Pickett's Brigade and a Night Attack.

Some years after the civil war a gathering of veterans of both sides was exchanging reminiscences at a banquet given by the board of trade of New York, writes Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett in Lippincott's. The presiding officer was Colonel J. J. Phillips of the Ninth Virginia regiment, Pickett's division. He was speaking of night attacks and recalled one in particular, not because of its startling horrors, but because of a peculiar circumstance, almost resulting in the compulsory disobedience of orders—the obeying, as it were, of a higher command than that of earth.

"The point of attack had been carefully selected," said Colonel Phillips, "the awaited dark night had arrived, and my command was to fire when General Pickett should signal the order.

"There was that dread, indescribable stillness, that weird, ominous silence, that always settles over everything before a fight. You felt that nowhere in the universe was there any voice or motion.

"Suddenly the awesome silence was broken by the sound of a deep, full voice rolling over the black void like the billows of a great sea, directly in line with our guns. It was singing the old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'

"I have heard that grand old music many times in circumstances which intensified its impressiveness, but never had it seemed so solemn as when it broke the stillness in which we waited for the order to fire. Just as it was given there rang through the night the words:

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

"'Ready! Aim! Fire to the left, boys!' I said.

"The guns were shifted, the volley that blazed out swerved aside, and that defenseless head was 'covered' with the shadow of his wing."

A Federal veteran who had been listening looked up suddenly and said:

"I remember that night, colonel, and that midnight attack which carried off so many of my comrades. I was the singer."

There was a second of silence. Then "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," rang across that banquet board as on that black night in 1864 it had rung across the lines at Bermuda Hundred.

Embarrassing For the Lecturer.

Civilized people when they listen to a lecture on some abstruse scientific subject applaud even if they do not understand. But there is evidently more frankness among savages, according to a story told by Captain Guy Burrows. A white man one evening tried to explain to some members of an African tribe, the Mobunghi, the wonders of the steam engine and steamship. He drew diagrams on the sand, and the audience listened and looked with apparently intense interest. At last he asked his hearers whether they understood. "Yes," they replied; they thought they did.

"There was a deep silence," Captain Burrows said, "for some time, and then a voice in the center of the crowd expressed the unspoken sentiments of the whole assembly in one emphatic word, uttered in a tone of the deepest conviction—'Liar!'"

Embarrassing for the lecturer!—Westminster Gazette.

In the Clouds.

The Butler—We've got a burglar in the kitchen, sir.

The Professor (absently)—Ask him to come again. I'm busy just now.